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Collated & Perfect. J. H. 1798.

THE

MODISH GALLANTS.

A

COMEDY.

In which is introduced

An INTERLUDE,

CALL'D

The Promis'd Marriage;

OR, THE

DISSAPPOINTED LADY.

See The Intriguing Courtiers - Vol. 44.

Inscrib'd to Lord O******.

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THE Intriguing Courtiers.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Apartment in* Fentonia's *House.*

Enter Fentonia *and* Lucy.

FENTONIA.

LUCY, have I not acted the prudent Part in taking to my Arms a gay, brisk Lover, instead of an amorous old Man, who fancies he has the Vigour of Five and Twenty, but in reality is as impotent as Age can make him?

Lucy. You are the best Judge, Madam; but I must need say, that I am a great Sufferer by your Choice.

Fent. Pr'ythee, Girl, explain yourself, for I do not comprehend what you would be at.

Lu. Why truly, Madam, the Chevalier *Ruperto* was ſo liberal to me, that if you had ſerved under him one Year longer, I ſhould have been rich enough to have purchaſed a Husband; but now I fear I ſhall *lead Apes*, if ſome charitable Chriſtian does not compaſſionate my Condition, and grant me a ſeaſonable and neceſſary Relief.—I have not ſeen twenty Ducats of the Count *del Ponto's* Money, though I have diſcharged my Truſt with the ſtricteſt Fidelity.

Fent. You are as mercenary as a Phyſician, who expects a Fee for every Viſit. Take my cherry-coloured Gown, and the Suit of Head-cloaths with the *Bruſſels* Lace; but let me not hear you ſpeak one Word againſt the Count for the future.

Lu. Madam, I thank you, and you ſhall be punctually obey'd —— as long as I can get any thing by you. [*Aſide.*

Fent. Had I continued with the Chevaliere *Ruperto*, I ſhould have loſt my Teeming-time, and with it the Pleaſures of this Life; for who would take up with a Woman when ſhe advances in Years? You know I have had two fine Babies by the Count, which makes him more endearing to me; and he lets me want nothing that I can ask or deſire, which is a manifeſt Proof that he has a more ardent Affection for me than for his Counteſs.

Lu. I muſt confeſs, Madam, that the Counteſs *del Ponto* does not ſwerve an Inch from the Mode of the Men of Quality; they treat their Ladies with good Manners, leſt ſome of their Relations might call them to an Account if they ſhould be uſed roughly; for they have as little Inclination to Fighting, as they have to their Marriage-Bed; and they violate the latter, that they may be the better enabled to gratify the Appetites of their Miſtreſſes.

Fent.

Fent. Your Obſervations are juſt, *Lucy*; how ſhould Women of Pleaſure live, if they did not meet with fond Keepers? When our Virtue Ship-wreck'd, we ſee few who will pity, and fewer who will relieve us: It is therefore our Buſineſs, and indeed it ought to be our chiefeſt Care, to provide for our ſelves while Opportunity offers.

Lu. Right, Madam; but where is there a Woman of your Occupation ſo conſiderate as to lay up in the Summer of her Life, what is ſufficient for the Winter? or even to ſupport her for a while, when ſhe ſhall become a *Caſt-off*, which is the general Fate of moſt Miſtreſſes.

Fent. Behold in me One who has not only had ſuch a Thought, but has made effectual Proviſion myſelf, even though Age ſhould render me odious to the Man who now doats upon me. I have obtained an Annuity, ſo firmly ſettled, that it is not in the Power of the Count *del Ponto* to take it from me.

Lu. Now, by my Maidenhead, the good News makes my Heart leap with Joy. — Well, I always entertain'd a good Opinion of your Prudence and Conduct in your preſent Station of Life.

Fent. Piſh! you flatter me, *Lucy*, and I cannot bear it. —— But you can do what you will with me.——I think I ſhall not wear the blue Paduaſoy any more; you may give it to ſome Friend, or poor Relation.

Lu. I know not, Madam, how I ſhall expreſs my Gratitude to you; but ——

Fent. Pr'ythee ſay no more.——What think you, *Lucy*, if I ſhould be made Counteſs *del Ponto*? I aſſure you I have ſome Thoughts of it.

Lu. How great is this Woman's Vanity! Sure ſhe will not be guilty of Murder. [*Aſide.*

Fent. Do you not mind me; how are your Thoughts employ'd?

Lu. About what you were ſpeaking, Madam; and, with Submiſſion, I think you build Caſtles in the Air; to me it ſeems impoſſible to bring ſuch an Affair to Perfection.

Fent. You may be miſtaken, for when you are let into the Secret, you will ſay it is no difficult Matter to crown it with Succeſs: You ſhall know more at a proper Seaſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SCENE *a Room.*

Ruſſelius *and ſeveral Gameſters at a Table.*

Ruſs. Certainly I have the worſt Luck of any Man breathing. I cannot hold in one Hand To-day. I'll try once more, and if I loſe, I will give over Gaming for the future.

1*ſt Game.* Grant, *Mercury*, that he may win, otherwiſe it will be Ten Thouſand Ducats out of my Way every Summer. [*Aſide.*

Ruſs. Come, Gentlemen, Seven is the Main; who ſets an hundred Pieces.

2*d Game.* I do, my Lord: Shake the Dice.

3*d Game.* Hold, does your Lordſhip conſider what you are doing? If you win, you pay a Thouſand to me, purſuant to Agreement, if you play at any time for more than Nine Hundred.

Ruſs. I remember it, and thank you for your kind Admonition. — You ſee, Gentlemen, the Penalty I am under if I proceed, and therefore I hope you will excuſe me. —— But though I am debarr'd from Cards and Dice, yet there is no Prohibition from any other Game: Who will play at *Huſſle-Cap* for a Thouſand Pieces?

4*th Game.* I will. [*They play, and* Ruſſelius *wins all.*

1*ſt Game.* I am ſtript by *Jupiter*.

2*d Game.*

2d Game. So am I. —— What Buſineſs had I to meddle with Children's Play.

4th Game. I think each of us has play'd a childiſh Part ——— but I know how to bring myſelf home in a little Time. [*Exit all but 4th Gameſter.*

4th Game. This young Lord is one of the erranteſt Bubbles in Nature. He is infected with the Itch of Gaming, and yet underſtands nothing of it. He is good-natur'd, and of ſo eaſy a Temper, that had he fallen into the Hands of ſome Sharpers, they would have ſtrip'd him bear, that he would not have been able to have ſhewn his Face for three Years. 'Tis true, I have got thirty thouſand Pieces by him, and will prevent his Ruin if I can; though I fear his preſent Succeſs may induce him to proceed to greater Lengths than I could wiſh. I muſt have a watchful Eye over him. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

SCENE *a fine Country Seat.*

Enter Miranda *and* Betty.

Mir. From poor *Plebean* Parents had I been diſcended, or wanted a large Portion, Youth, or Education, my Lord might then have had ſome Colour of Pretence to ſlight me; but as my Fortune is equall'd to his at the leaſt, and my Perſon no Way diſagreeable, methinks, it is very hard to be contemned, and ſtill much harder to be abandon'd for a common, mercenary Harlot —— Barbarous Uſage!

Bet. Yours, Madam, is the Fate of moſt Ladies; and it amazes me to think how you can bear it with

with ſo much Conſtancy.——I muſt needs ſay you are a *Miracle of Quality.*

Mir. Chaſtity and Magnimity are ſuch excellent and ineſtimable Virtues, that ſhould I once ſwerve from them, I would look upon Life not worthy to be preſerv'd.—— Patience and Perſeverance may in Time open his Eyes, but little did I think he would treat me as a Perſon who carried Infection about her.——If I retire to my Country-Seat, he ſhuns me as if I carried about me all the Diſeaſes of *Pandora's* Box; and if I follow him to Town, he imediately hurries into the Country, and takes his Miſtreſſes with him.—— How great are my Sufferings!

Bet. I wonder, Madam, that your Ladyſhip does not cauſe the Woman to be puniſh'd, ſince you undergo ſuch Hardſhips upon her Account; I ſhould take a Pleaſure in ſeeing her beat Hemp: Her Betters have done it.

Mir. Though ſuch a Puniſhment would not be equal to her Demerit, yet I cannot be induced to do it; or if I ſhould comply therewith, it would avail me nothing, for the Count would ſoon take her out, or get another Miſtreſs. In my Opinion, the Woman is leaſt culpable; tho' if ſhe had any ſenſe of Virtue, ſhe would quit the odious Life ſhe leads, and maintain herſelf honeſtly by ſome other Occupation.

Bet. Let her turn Actreſs, ſell Oranges, Pamphlets, or cry Fiſh; theſe are moſt ſuitable to her Birth and Education.

Mir. ——They may be ſo; but, upon ſecond Thoughts, I would not blame the Creature ſo much, if ſhe had firſt been debauch'd by the Count; for he ſtands conſpicious by his Port and Grandeur; and ſhe, who obſerves his Air, his Mien, his Shape, will find few who will equal him in the Graces of his Perſon. *Nature* has

been

been as liberal of her Gifts as Fortune; both have done their utmoſt to make him appear great and lovely. [*She pants.*

Bet. And if you regard him heedfully, you will read ſomething in his Eyes, which diſcovers he has a Soul far unworthy of the Caſe in which it ſhin'd.—— If he was my Husband, I would —— [*Aſide.*

Mir. I know that he is not inſenſible of Beauty: He is accounted one of the moſt amorous of the Nobility; and to gratify his Inclination that Way, will make no Scruple of ſacrificing any thing.

Bet. The meaneſt of the *Plebeian* Crowd who court his Favour; or implore his Bounty, has not a Diſpoſition more ſordid and avaricious; there is none ſo vile, who for Intereſt he will not baſely fawn upon; nor any ſo much below him, whom to take inſtrumental to his Gain, he will not treat as his Superiors. [*Aſide.*

Mir. I will endeavour not to diſpleaſe him, except my Return to Town unexpectedly will do it, and I am reſolved to ſet out To-morrow Morning, in Hopes to reclaim him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Millmonde.

Mill. Never was a Man more formed to charm than the Count *Orainos*; his Converſation has that ſoft perſuaſive Air, that there is ſcarce a Probability of knowing him without loving him. *Apollo* has ſhower'd his choice Favours on him, and he is one of the beſt Poets of the Age; but not all his Learning, or his Wit, can defend him from being my Property; though, I muſt confeſs, that I love and prefer him before all other Men. His Generoſity and open Candour, which is almoſt inſeperable from good Senſe, renders him at once incapable of a bad Action, or of ſuſpecting it in others; I am mercenary, and cannot help it; 'tis

ingrafted

ingrafted in my Nature.——— Here he comes. Hypocriſy, thou dear Companion of our Sex, aſſiſt me to delude this lovely Tempter.

Enter Count Orainos.

Orain. Cœleſtial Creature, how propitious is the God of Love in favouring me with this Opportunity of finding you alone? Then ſay, divinely Fair One, muſt I live or periſh in Deſpair? My Thread of Life is in your Hands, and you can ſpin it out, or cut it ſhort.

Mill. My Lord, I am willing to do all that lies in my Power to lengthen your Life, provided it be conſiſtent with my Virtue; but when you preſs me to grant you the Favour, to which no honeſt Woman can conſent, you put me into ſuch Confuſion, that I cannot in ſome time recall my ſcatter'd Senſes.

Orain. This, Madam, is the Common-place Diſcourſe of every handſome Woman; it is as often in the Mouths of Virgins, as of Ladies who are married; but I hope not in the Hearts of either, eſpecially the latter.

Mill. My Lord, to deal freely and ingeniouſly with you, I muſt deſire you to give over your Sollicitations for the future, or expect to ſee my Face no more,

Orain. This is unreaſonable, the moſt prepoſterous Injunction imaginable; Nature gave Beauty to Woman for no other Reaſon than that ſhe might be adored and enjoyed.

Mill. I hope you mean by the Perſon, who has a right Claim to it. Am I not married? Therefore the ſmall Portion of Beauty that I am endowed with, does properly belong to the *Chevalier Millmonde.*

Grain.

Orain. If, Madam, you reſerve it for him alone, you ought to wear a Veil, and not expoſe your Face as a Spider does his Net, to catch the unwary. — Come, come, Madam, communicate and be liberal, the Chevalier will find enough to anſwer his Expectation, and ſatisfy his Deſire. Love for Love is the moſt grateful Return, and a plain Demonſtration of each other's Affection. Can you require any thing more to convince you how much I adore you?

Mill. My Lord, they who are adored, may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to have ſome command over their Adorers, otherwiſe the Adoration may be paid to a Statue; now if this be the Caſe, which I perſuade my ſelf you cannot deny, then I muſt take the Authority upon me to ſay that it is my Will and Pleaſure that you talk to me no more of Love; unlawful and adulterous Love.

Orain. Inexorable Goddeſs! ——— but I muſt obey.

Moll. O Heavens! I hear my Husband's Voice; my good Lord, go down the Back-Stairs, for if he ſees you here, I am ruined for ever.

Orain. Madam, I will do any thing to prevent ſuch a Misfortune. [*Exit.*

Mill. What a conflict do I feel between Love and Intereſt! Surely Nature never formed another Creature of ſuch an odd Compoſition: I love the Count *Orainos*, and who can ſee and converſe with that moſt accompliſhed Nobleman, and not love him? I have an Averſion to my *Chevalier*, and yet tho' he uſes me with Indifference, I cannot refrain from conſulting his Intereſt, and I know he could not ſupport himſelf but through my Management.

Enter Chevalier.

Chev. My Dear, I applaud your treating the Count *Orainos* in the manner you have done. When I ſaw him go up Stairs, I follow'd, and liſten'd to your Diſcourſe. I muſt own that he is a moſt polite Gentleman; but as we cannot ſupport our ſelves as we do, without bubbling thoſe who have Wealth, it behoves you to keep him at a diſtance, which will make him the more eager when you give him any Encouragement, and prevent the Suſpicion of any Deſign againſt him.

Mill. I want not your Inſtructions. If I am to be directed by you, I am certain that every one of my Plots, tho' ever ſo well concerted, will come to Abortion. Had I followed your Advice, my Deſign on the laſt Gentleman trapan'd would have certainly miſcarried

Chev. Well, well, I will ſubmit every thing to your Diſcretion.

Mill. Yes truly, becauſe you cannot avoid it: Yoo have no Eſtate nor Dependance to ſupport your pretended Gentility but by my Stratagems, and ſhould they fail, you muſt be reduced to your primitive Rags.

Chev. Uou touch me to the Quick, but I will bear it: However, take care that you do not violate your Marriage Oath.

Mill. What, more of your Advice? Your Caution is thrown away upon me; I will act in what Manner, as my Inclination leads me. Did I ever give you Cauſe to ſuſpect my Chaſtity?

Chev. No; but I think you need not be ſo paſſionate.

Mill. Who can refrain when ſuch Provocation is given? Are you not obliged to me for the Bread you eat, the Cloaths you wear, and the

Bed

Bed you lie on? Do I not pay the House-Rent, and furnish you with every Thing that a Gentleman can require? I dare swear, you are the first of your Family that ever wore a Sword, and you wear it more for Fashon than Defence. You are sensible you never drew it out of the Scabbard, but when a Shoe-Boy daub'd your Stockings.

Chev. Who gives the Provocation now?

Mill. If I provoke you, you have given me Reason for it. Look you, Sir, I will not be used in this Manner; if you do not quit the Room, I will. [*Exit.*

Chev. Surely the Woman has pitch'd upon a Nettle to Day: She is grown a meer Termagant.

When Woman to her Fury does give Way,
Time only can the Hurricane allay. [*Exit.*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Ruſſelius's *Chamber.*

Enter Ruſſelius.

MAtrimony and Gaming may, in my Opinion, be very juſtly called Lotteries, where there are ten Blanks to one Prize, and ten thouſand to one great one. I have been almoſt ruined by the latter, and was reduced to the very Brink of mortgaging my Eſtate, had not Fortune favoured me when I play'd at *Huſsle-Cap*; But, alaſs! the Thouſands I won at that boyiſh Game, may quickly be ſcnatch'd from me, if the blind Goddeſs turns her Wheel about. —— As for Marriage, I am ſo unfortunate therein, that I would freely give half of my Eſtate for a Child; but Nature has put a Bar to my Deſire, and all my Endeavours prove ineffectual.

Enter Clariſſa.

Cla. My Lord, purſuant to your Commands, I come to know your Pleaſure, and am ready to pay my Obedience to you in every Thing.

Ruſ. You have always comply'd with me, and never gave me Cauſe to complain; ——— except in one reſpect. *(Aſide.)* You ſtudy how to pleaſe and obey, and hourly manifeſt your Obedience, which are ſuch attractive Qualities, that they command Affection in return for them; but there are few

few Ladies of Quality who can boaſt ſuch excellent Qualities.

Cla. If Love were out of the Caſe, yet my Duty obliges me to ſubmit, and ſtrive to pleaſe you.

Ruſ. Thou art an excellent Creature in your Converſation and Behaviour, and I love you as I do my own Soul. —— Yet ——

Cla. What, my Lord? Open your Mind freely, and conceal nothing from a Wife who would willingly reſign her Life to give you Satisfaction and Content.

Ruſ. Baniſh ſuch Thoughts; and far be it from me to deſire what is ſo unreaſonable. — It may blow over. — I intend to dine with your Father, Count *Egerius*, and hope you will accompany me: I requeſt it of you.

Cla. My Lord, your Requeſts I ſhall eſteem as Commands, and I ſhall be punctual in the Execution of them.

Ruſ. I believe it. — Let me know when you are ready, and I will attend you thither. [*Exit.*

Cla. O my foreboding Heart! Something within tells me all is not right; and yet methinks, I have a Proſpect before my Eyes of living happily with my dear Lord *Ruſſelius*, many Years. —— O Nature, Nature, why didſt thou give me Beauty to captivate the Heart of my beloved Lord, and yet render me uncapable of anſwering the End for which Marriage was inſtituted?

Well may the lovely Youth complain, 'tis true;
The Fault's not mine, but does belong to you.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Vanetta's *Lodgings.*

Scene opens, and discovers her sitting on a Couch, with a Book in her Hand, which she lays down.

To lament my Condition, would be downright Folly; and to pretend to repent of what I have done, would be an Argument of the greatest Hypocricy, since it is impossible for me to live, but in the Arms of my dear *Learchus*. There is Musick, methinks, in every Word he speaks, melodious his Voice, and eloquent his Tongue; but when his soft Lips encounter mine, and in each other's tender Arms we lie, then are all my Senses lost in rapturous Extasies.

Form so perfect, Air so moving,
Who can see, and hold from loving.

Enter Fidelia *in haste.*

Fid. Madam, the five young Ladies are coming down the Gravel-Walk, and design to make you ——

Van. What young Ladies do you mean?

Fid. Medosa, *Mordaria*, *Wilhelmina*, *Divaria* and *Cartaria.*

Van. Attend, and conduct them hither. [*She looks out. Exit* Fidelia.] Bless me, what a Group of grotesque Figures do I see! I guess their Design, especially what their Ringleaders, *Mordaria* and *Medosa*, would be at; but I shall turn their own Cannon upon them, nor shall they gain one Inch of Ground in attacking me. *Cartaria* is young and innocent; *Divaria* too, I believe is chast; nor have I Reason to censure *Wilhelmina*; but, I cannot

not entertain ſo good an Opinion of *Medoſa* and *Mordaria*.

Enter five young Ladies.

All. Your Servant, Madam.

Van. Ladies, I am yours.

[*She ſalutes* Cartaria, Divaria, *and* Wilhelmina, *and looks upon* Medoſa *and* Mordaria *with an haughty Air.*]

Pray ſeat your ſelves. This Viſit, *Cartaria*, is the more acceptable, becauſe unexpected; and to whom, *Divaria* and *Wilhelmina*, am I indebted for your good Companies? Is the Cauſe owing to Friendſhip, or were you inſtigated to it by *Mordaria* and *Medoſa*?

Mor. Madam, I never perſuade any to act contrary to their Inclinations.

Medoſ. Nor I Madam. [*They talk aſide.*

Van. Then, Ladies, I am the more obliged to you for this Viſit.

Car. Believe me, *Vanetta*, Friendſhip to you directed me hither.

Wilh. I can juſtly ſay the ſame.

Div. We met one another as we walked in the Garden, and hearing of your Indiſpoſition, I propoſed this Viſit.

Van. I ſhall ever acknowledge the Favour.—— Ladies, to talk apart, in Company, has always been accounted a Sollœciſm in good Manners, and betrays a Want of Education; it is deemed at leaſt an Affront to the Perſon whom you viſit.

Medoſ. We do not come to learn Manners from you, Madam; and I may venture to affirm, that our Education has been as good as your's, Madam.

Van. I am very ſorry, *Medoſa*, that you are not able to demonſtrate what you affirm.

Mor.

Mor. It is a task attended with no Difficulty; and as to the Affront you mentioned, you may take it as it beſt ſuits your Inclinations.

Car. Fye, fye, Ladies, let me entreat you to forbear.

Wilh. It is not ſeemly at this Juncture.

Div. For my Part, I dread what may enſue, and therefore will not ſtay to hear it.

Car. Nor I.

Van. What, Ladies, are you going ſo very ſoon? This is a Court-Viſit. —— Let me prevail with you to drink Tea.

Car. We will wait upon you at a more ſeaſonable Opportunity. [*Exeunt. Car. Wilh.* and *Div.*

Van. Come, my Rivals, take my Advice; you ſee the Maiden Ladies are as polite in their Carriage, as if they had been bred at Court from their Infancy; imitate their Conduct, tho' you cannot arrive to their Perfection.

Mor. Ha, ha, ha, 'tis pleaſant enough to hear a Perſon recommend Conduct to others, who wants it her ſelf.

Meſ. Or pretend to give Advice, who never would follow any. Ha, ha, ha.

Van. Thoſe forced Smiles betray inward Rancour and Malice. ——— But, my Dears, you ought to look upon it as a friendly Admonition; for let me tell you, that your Behaviour is deeply tinctur'd with *Billinſgate.*

Med. I have heard it affirmed that People afflicted with the Jaundice, conclude every body they behold to be of the ſame Complexion.

Mor. Look you, *Vanetta*, we openly declare our ſelves to be your Rivals, and now be upon your Guard.

Van. I believe, Madam, *Learchus* has had a Sample of the Piece, but found it ſo coarſe, that he would not make a *Suit.* —— Pr'ythee, Ladies, if

if you think to ſeduce my Lover, let the *one caſt her Skin, and perhaps ſhe may have a ſmoother Face*; and the other ought to go *to a Boarding-School, and learn to walk ſomething like a human Creature.*

Med. Intollerable Inſolence!

Van. Bleſs me! my Dears, if you ſhould chance to bring forth young ones, the Cubs will be a greater Terror to the Inhabitants of the Country, than a *Ruſſian* Bear unmuzzled.

Mor. Such Language is not to be borne.

[*They riſe, and go out in a Paſſion.*

Van. With much Difficulty I have forc'd my troubleſome Gueſt to retire, who, under the Pretence of a Viſit, came to pry into my Condition.

Enter Lord Whiffler.

Whif. Dear *Vanetta*, how do you do? I am your obedient Slave, and all that.

Van. Very familiar truly. I cannot imagine what has brought him here?

Whif. She hears me not. [*Aſide.*]——Madam, I rejoyce to ſee you in good Health, and am come to offer my Service to you.

Van. Lord *Whiffler!* my Thoughts were ſo much employ'd upon ſome private Affairs of Life that I did not ſee you. I ask your Lordſhip's Pardon.

Whif. O Dear, Madam, no Apoligies I beſeech you.——I know your Thoughts, and have wrote a ſmall Poem in your Juſtification.

Van. In mine, my Lord! what have I done to make you ſo officious.

Whif. Nay, I do not know, truly; but the World ſays you are——

Van. What?

Whif. A very pretty Lady.——'Gad I think I have brought myſelf off very handſomely. [*Aſide.*

Van. If that be all, my Lord, ſurely I want no Juſtification.

Whif. I cannot ſay this is all, for——

Van. Pray explain yourſelf.

Whif. I am a Favourite of the Muſes; and this Poem will inform you.

Van. I have not Leiſure at preſent, and therefore I hope you will excuſe me.

Whif. O dear, Madam, by all Means: I remain yours while Sun and Moon endures.

[*Exit ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

SCENE *a Chamber in a Palace.*

Copernicus *and* Mordaria.

Cop. Why frowns my Love? what has diſturb'd thy Halcion Hours of Peace? may I not know the Cauſe?

Mor. Indeed, my Lord, I ought not to conceal any thing from you; but the Nature of this is ſuch, that I don't care as yet to diſcloſe it.

Cop. Has any Man affronted you? name him, and my Sword ſhall do you Juſtice.

Mor. Mine is a female Quarrel, and I am the propereſt Perſon to revenge it.——When we meet next I will communicate it to you.

With painful Expectation I ſhall wait,
And find no Reſt 'till you the whole relate.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Dining Room.*

Enter Mamilla *and* Ruſſelus.

MAMILLA.

I Muſt needs own, my Lord, that you have acted with the greateſt Prudence in an Affair of ſuch Importance; and I aſſure you, I would not have conſented to my Daughter's Marriage, had I known her natural Imperfection.

Ruſ. Madam, I concealed it as long as I could poſſibly, imagining it, at firſt, to proceed from a Virgin Modeſty; but when I had conquered her Baſhfulneſs in that reſpect, knowing my own Sufficiency, I judged it proper to lay the Caſe before you.

Mam. I hope you did not intend to ſue for a Divorce, that would work *Penelope*'s Web, and deſtroy what you have already done; I mean, you would reveal to the World, what you have with ſo much Goodneſs and Induſtry hitherto kept ſecret.

Ruſ. I aſſure your Ladyſhip, I have not entertained a Thought that tends that Way; but if the Obſtacle cannot be removed, it would be unreaſonable to expect that I ſhould waſte my Youth, and have no Probability of Iſſue. I love my dear

Clariſſa

Clariſſa ſo well, that I would not willingly part with her upon any Terms.

Mam. I thank your Lordſhip, and will acknowledge that you act honourably.

Ruſ. I am not in haſte to put in Practice, what I wiſh may be avoided, and therefore ſhall commit your Daughter to your Care.

Mam. No Endeavours ſhall be wanting to make Art get the better of Nature; and if that can be effected, Succeſs will crown your Patience, and each of our Deſires. [*Exit.* Ruſ.

Enter Sarella *and* Egerius.

Sar. I am ſo ſurprized, my Lord, at what you tell me, in Relation to my Grand-Child, that it puts me almoſt beyond the Power of Thought.

Ege. Believe me, Madam, I have too much Reaſon to believe it; but for your better Information, I humbly beg leave to recommend you to my Lady.

Sar. Daughter, it gives me much Uneaſineſs, to hear *Clariſſa*'s unfortunate Condition; but hope it is not altogether ſo bad as it has been repreſented.

Mam. Your Ladyſhip cannot hear more than what is litterally true; it has created in me the greateſt Uneaſineſs imaginable.

Sar. I know not from whence it can proceed: Not from our Family, I am ſure. —— How does *Ruſſelius* bear it?

Mam. With Fortitude.

Sar. Has not his Reſentment carried him ſo far, as to treat *Clariſſa* with ill Manners?

Mam. He profeſſes the ſincereſt Love and Affection for her that can be expected or deſired; and, my Daughter ſays, he has not given her the leaſt Cauſe to complain: On the contrary, his Temper

per is as ſweet and even, and his Behaviour as agreeable to her, as in the Days of their Courtſhip.

Sar. This is wonderful in a Man of Quality, eſpecially in one ſo young. —— But we muſt not loſe any Time, proper Means muſt be try'd; and I would give a hundred thouſand Crowns to have the Obſtacle of their mutual Deſires removed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SCENE *a Chamber.*

Learchus *and* Vanetta *ſitting on a Couch.*

Lear. Thy Pregnancy, *Vanetta*, gives me an unſpeakable Pleaſure; and by all my future Hopes of Happineſs, thou art the only Perſon of thy Sex that has gained my Affection; nor have I ſeen another Woman, who has Charms enough to ſupplant you.

Van. Such kind Words would recal my Soul, though it were on the Wing to the other World. —— But I have two Rivals, who, if I may believe them, have Power to withdraw you from me; I mean *Medoſa* and *Mordaria*.

Lear. Piſh! this is their Artifice to make you uneaſy; it is not in their Power to alienate my Affection from you.

Van. Then promiſe me that you will not converſe with them for the future.

Lear. How can I avoid their Company? I can not be ſo rude.

Van. I know the Reaſon: Have you not had an Affair with *Mordaria*, at a Houſe near the *Green*? and I am apt to think, *Medoſa* and *Wilhelmina* have ſome of your Favours.

Lear.

Lear. Thoughts are free, and cannot be confined; but ask me no Queſtions. —— I have given you as much Satisfaction, as you can in Reaſon demand; therefore let me be ſatisfied in my turn. —— Shall we retire?

Van. The conquer'd to the Conqueror gives Way,
When you command, with Pleaſure I obey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SCENE *a Room,*

Millmonde and *Orainos.*

Mill. Do you not wonder, my Lord, at a Behaviour ſo very different from what you have ever ſeen in me? What is it I am not to apprehend from the ill Opinion my proceeding in this manner may create in you?

Orain. You have very little to fear from him, Madam, who was born to obey you.——I ſhould be more than bleſſed, if I could as eaſily rid myſelf of the Apprehenſions that this Viſit has leſs of Kindneſs in it than my fond Wiſhes has made me hope.

Mill. I give you leave to make what Interpretation you will of this Freedom, provided you do not conſtrue it ſo much to my Diſadvantage, as to think me unworthy of the Favour I came to entreat.

Orain. O Heavens! can you be unkind enough to doubt my Zeal in any Thing that can be of Service to you? Be aſſured, it muſt be ſomething more than Life I would refuſe to your Commands.

Mill.

Mill. I unfortunately dropt the laſt Letter which your Lordſhip ſent me, and my Husband taking it up, is ſo enrag'd that I ſhould receive any Addreſſes of that Nature, that I have good Reaſon to dread the Effects. I can think of no Expedient but one.

Orain. Name it, Madam, and depend on my Compliance.

Mill. It is this; that though it was directed to me, you muſt this Inſtant write another with the ſame Superſcription, complaining of the Unkindneſs of my Friend, and entreating me to ſpeak to her in your behalf: For I told the *Chevalier* that it was meant to another Lady of my Acquaintance.

Orain. Madam, I will do any thing that you think may be conducive to your Service.

Mill. My Lord, I am infinitely oblig'd to you. But to take away all Suſpicion of a Contrivance, the Perſon who brings it muſt do it with an Air of Secrecy, refuſing to deliver it into any Hand but my own. This will be ſufficient to alram my Husband's outrageous Fury to oblige me to ſhew it him, than which nothing can be more to my Advantage.

Orain. But, Madam, I muſt entreat you would permit me to defer the writing of it till you have left me, not being able to loſe ſo much of your Converſation as the Time in forming it will take up.

Mill. I cannot refuſe a Favour ſo trifling, and ſo obliging to myſelf.

Orain. Shall I not be bleſs'd with another Favour, Madam, which I have long ſought to obtain.

Mill. Importunity and Opportunity carry with them a Temptation too ſtrong to be reſiſted, eſpecially when the Tempter has every Thing that is engaging.

Orain.

Orain. Then, Madam, be ſo kind to withdraw with me into the next Room, ſince all Things conſpire to aid my Wiſhes.

Mill. I aſſure your Lordſhip, that nothing could have prevailed with me to follow the Dictates of my Inclination, which I confeſs has long pleaded in your behalf, but the barbarous Jealouſy and ill Uſage of my Husband.

[*She gives him her Hand. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

SCENE *a Chamber.*

Medoſa *alone.*

Med. If *Mordaria* can by any Stratagem wean *Learchus* from *Vanetta*, I make no doubt of elbowing her out, and fix myſelf in his Arms. She has taken a very imprudent Step, in my Opinion, to grant him Poſſeſſion of the Premiſes before he had paid a valuable Conſideration.

Enter Copernicus, *and liſtens.*

Too credulous *Mordaria!* What General valued a Conqueſt gained upon the eaſieſt Terms? Nay, even ſought and courted. Can ſhe imagine that *Learchus* will be conſtant to her? Men ſeldom eſteem what is purchaſed at too cheap a rate.

Cop. Happy Diſcovery! This narrow Eſcape ſhall warn me not to be too haſty in truſting for the future. By Heavens, 'tis a Frailty common to moſt of the Sex. [*He appears.*] How fares the charming *Medoſa*?

Med. I thank your Lordſhip for the Complement. But how would *Mordaria* reliſh ſuch a favourable and unexpected Expreſſion?

Cop.

Cop. I wish she were present; for it would give me an entire Satisfaction to see her displeased at it. ——I am resolved to mortify her——Do you expect her, Madam?

Med. Yes, my Lord, every Minute.

Cop. Then I will wait with Patience, that I may have an Opportunity of convincing her how I disapprove her Behaviour.

Med. Well, you Men may charge our Sex with Inconstancy, but we have Reason to retaliate upon you, for you are as wavering as the Wind.—— Here she comes.

Enter Mordaria.

Mor. Madam, your Servant. My Lord, [*He turns from her, and whistles.*] what can occasion this sudden Coldness in your Lordship?

Cop. The Flame that burns too violent in your Breast.

Mor. I was always of Opinion that Love nourish'd Love.

Cop. Reciprocal Love, when attended with Virtue, cherishes the Passion which Lovers have.

Mor. And pray, my Lord, who shall dare to call my Virtue in question?

Cop. Truly, Madam, the World talks with a great deal of Freedom, and I could wish that you had not given them some Reason for it.

Mor. I care not what the World says, I am the best Judge whether I have play'd an indiscreet Part in any respect, and I think it affects no body else.

Cop. Right, Madam, for I assure you it shall not give me the least Uneasiness if you prostituted yourself to every Porter you meet.——*Medosa*, I am your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Med. What can be the meaning of this ſudden Alteration in your Lover, my Dear?

Mor. I can not divine, except he has been informed by Lord *Whiſter*, or ſome other Buſy-Body, of my familiar Behaviour with *Learchus*; but I value it not. —— Come, *Medoſa*, let us go to your Cloſet, and conſult how we may undermine *Vanetta*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

SCENE *A Room.*

Enter Orainos *and* Millmonde.

Orain. My dear *Millmonde*, you have recompenced all my ſighing Hours, and in thy Arms I have the greateſt Bliſs my Heart e'er coveted. —— Say, my Charmer, ſhall we not ſoon meet again?

Mill. My Lord, you have gained the Aſcendant, and I cannot deny you any thing.

Orain. I ſhall think every Day an Age till I am bleſs'd with thy dear Company.

Mill. Let this be the Place of Rendevouz, and you ſhall ſoon know the Hour of Aſſignation.

Orain. I ſhall wait the happy Hour with a Lover's Impatience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A Room in *Fentonia*'s Houſe.

Lord *Whiſter* and *Fentonia* talking.

Fen. Look you, my Lord, if you would have me grant you the Favour, you muſt *come down* handſomely.

Whif. Madam, I will go up or down with you in as polite a Manner as a Courtier.

Fen.

Fen. Pho! what a Coxcomb is this not to underſtand me [*Aſide.*] My Meaning is, that you muſt make me a handſome Preſent.

Whif. I intend to do it.——Permit me to force this upon you. [*Puts a Purſe into her Hand.*

Fen. Ay, my Lord, this is the Way to win her,——I am now at your Devotion.

Whif. Devotion! a very Poetical Word, I will minit that in my common-place Book. [*Aſide.* Your Bed-Chamber, my Dear, is the propereſt Place for Retirement.

As he leads her, Enter Lucy *in haſte.*

Lu. O Madam! the Count *Del Ponto* is coming up Stairs.

Whif. I wiſh the Devil would ſend him down Headlong. [*Aſide.*] What ſhall I do?

Enter Del Ponto.

D. Ponto. What the Devil has this gaudy Butterfly to do here?

Whif. My Lord, your humble Servant; I have brought a Preſent to *Fentonia*; pray, my Lord, read this Copy of Verſes.

D. Pont. Prithee, Poetaſter, trouble not me with your ridiculous Scraps of Verſes.

Whif. You know, my Lord, I can *Write* and FIGHT.

D. Pont. Fentonia, retire, and let your Maid attend you.——Look you, Lord *Weathercock*, for ſuch you are, write what you will, but let me ſee how you can Fight. [*Draws.*

Whif. Del Ponto, meet me an Hour hence in the Park, and bring your *Second.*

D. Pont. I will firſt meet you thus. [*Kicks him, and he runs out.*]

A *Worm* will turn; *Vipers* provok'd will bite;
But he that ſtands a Kick, will never fight.

Exeunt.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

SCENE *a Gravel-Walk.*

Enter Lord Whifler.

WHAT Buſineſs had I to invade another Man's Property? to be made a Cully, to be trick'd and kick'd, bubbled, and uſed like a Scoundrel, is intolerable; Revenge is ſweet; — but then Life is precious: Could I obtain the one, without hazarding the other, I would purſue it this Moment. What if I Lampoon the Count *Del Ponto*? It may gaul him, but will not ſatisfy my injured Honour; and if I tamely put up the Affront, every body will piſs upon me. I will therefore ſend him a Challenge, and provide a *Second*, who will take care to part us before we can endanger each others Lives.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SCENE *a Chamber.*

Enter Mordaria *and* Medoſa.

Mor. To carry on our Plot at preſent, will avail us nothing; we muſt therefore ſuſpend it till *Vanetta* has laid in, and then, if ſhe recovers, we muſt endea-

endeavour to make *Learchus* jealous: This Point obtained, Succeſs will attend the other.

Med. I agree with you entirely. —— If we can jockey *Vanetta*, it will make room for me to win the Plate. [*Aſide.*

Mor. What are you pauſing on, *Medoſa*?

Med. I am thinking what Shame the Creature has entailed upon her for ever.

Mor. She is ſo far from thinking ſhe has committed a ſhameful Action, that ſhe glories in what ſhe has done. —— I would do the ſame, if I were in her Caſe. [*Aſide.*

Med. Can ſhe have the Aſſurance, think you, to ſhew her Face in Publick?

Mor. Why not? A Slip in a young Lady of Birth and Rank, provided that ſhe intrigues not with a Perſon inferior to her, does not leſſen her half ſo much, in the Eyes of the Quality, as if ſhe had married an honeſt Tradeſman. I knew a Baronet's Daughter, who was wedded to her Father's Coachman, by one of the Couple-Beggars of the *Fleet*; ſhe was immediately turned out of Doors, and now performs the Part of a Waſher-Woman to ſupport her Family.

Med. Her Indiſcretion was great, but her Father's unnatural Diſpoſition was greater. If he refuſed to be reconciled to her, yet he ought to have granted her an Allowance to keep her from ſuch Slavery.

Mor. But another young Lady, whom I could mention, was made a Mother by her Father's Butlers, and though there was a living Teſtimony of her Shame, yet ſhe was reſpected by the Ladies; nor was ſhe deſtitute of Paternal Bleſſing. When her Father lay on his Death-Bed, he bequeathed three thouſand Pounds to her; upon which his eldeſt Son remonſtrated, that ſhe had been a looſe and wicked young Woman: 'Tis very true, replied

plied the Father, and erasing the Word three, inserted another of more Importance, *viz.* the Word *Ten*; saying, that as there was a Flaw in her Character, she would require a large Portion to set her off.

Med. Did she get a Husband?

Mor. She was soon married to a necessitous Nobleman.

Med. This, perhaps, may be the Fate of *Vanetta.*

Mor. Very probable, truly. —— Persons, who shine in a superior Orb, as she does, shall not be molested; the Church-Wardens or Overseers dare not require her to discover the Father of the Child, or prevent its becoming a Burden to the Parish.

Med. They have no Reason to apprehend its becoming a Charge to them.

Mor. I believe it: But what a Racket would those Blood-Suckers have made, had a private Gentlewoman, or a Tradesman's Daughter, been in her Condition?

Med. What is become of *Vanetta?*

Mor. I am informed, that upon her Father's Reconciliation, a great House is taken for her, richly furnished; where she now lives, and intends to lie-in, with as much Grandeur, as a Duchess with her first Child.

Med. It is no difficult Matter to guess who defrays all the Expences.

Mor. No truly; and I think he who begot the Child, is the propereſt Person to do it.

Med. Let us talk no more of illegitimate Children, for Heaven knows whose Turn may be next.

Mor. I heartily wish it may be mine: —— Provided *Learchus* were the Father.

Med. You are certainly mad. Why, at this rate we must provide Straw and a dark Room for you.

Mor.

Mor. You are certainly miſtaken; my Senſes are perfect, and the Thoughts of *Learchus* give me a pleaſing Senſation.

Med. For Heaven's ſake, *Mordaria*, do not talk ſo wildly; let us go in and drink Tea. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SCENE. *A Room.*

Enter Count Del Ponto *and* Fentonia.

D. Pont. I acknowledge, I am well pleaſed with the Diſappointment of that *Little* Whipper-ſnapper, the Lord *Whiſter*; but it ſeems if I had not come at the very *Criſis*, you would have granted him *the Favour*.

Fen. I know not what I might have done; but as I received the Purchaſe-Money, it were but equitable in him to give him Poſſeſſion of the bargain'd Premiſſes.

D. Pont. Dare you own this to my Face?

Fen. Yes truly: For what have you in your Face, more than another Man?

D. Pont. Methinks you have a conſummate Aſſurance.

Fen. You may think what you pleaſe. — Come, come, my Lord, there are an hundred pretty Things in a Purſe of an hundred Piſtoles.

D. Pont. Why did you take his Money?

Fen. For the ſame Reaſon that I accept yours; ——Becauſe the Temptation is too ſtrong to be reſiſted.

D. Pont. Ungrateful Creature! Have I not ſettled a handſome Annuity upon you?

Fent. Yes; and it is ſo firmly ſettled, that it is not in your Power to revoke it.

D. Pont.

D. Pont. Where is the Deed?

Fen. Where you cannot come at it.

D. Pont. Do you bully me for my Kindſs Am I your Cully?

Fen. You are what I pleaſe to make you. —— Look you, my Lord, it is a Folly to talk in this Manner to a Woman of my Profeſſion, who has a Settlement; for when we have obtain'd it, we expect to be treated as civilly as when Application was firſt made to ſeduce us.

D. Pont. You were ſeduced before I entertained a Thought of you, and I was a Fool to take up with another's Leavings.

Fen. I am of the ſame Opinion; but I ſhould have been a greater Fool, if I had refuſed your Offer.

D. Pont. Perdition ſeize thee! —— By Heavens I have a Mind to caſt you off, and put your Maid in your Place.

Fen. You ſhall have my Conſent for both; but ſhe will be an arrant Fool, if ſhe conſent sto your Embraces, before ſhe has obliged you to make a handſome Proviſion for her during Life; and you will ſtill be a greater, if you ſign, ſeal, and deliver it.

Enter Lucy.

Lu. My Lord, a Porter has brought theſe Letters for your Lordſhip. [*He takes and opens them.*

D. Pont. Leave me.

Fent. Do you ſpeak to me?

D. Pont. Yes.

Fen. With all my Heart. —— Come, *Lucy.*

Exeunt.

D. Pont. What is this? — By Heavens a Challenge from Lord Whifler: Let me ſee what the Boy ſays. [*Reads.*

Count *Del Ponto*,
My injured Honour demands Satisfaction: —
Meet me at ten To morrow in the Park; —
bring a Second with you.
Whifler.

Very *Laconic* truly. Little Maſter I find is reſolved to venture a ſecond Duel, becauſe he eſcaped in the firſt. — What does the other Letter contain? — [*He reads it.*] — Death! *Miranda* come to Town without my Privity or Conſent. This is worſe than if I had received twenty Challenges. — Who waits there?

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did your Lordſhip call?

D, Pont. Yes, Child; tell the Porter I will wait on the Gentleman at the Time appointed. — Take this, I have not given you any thing theſe two Moths. [*Gives her Money.*

Lucy. I humbly thank your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Enter Fentonia.

Fen. Does your Lordſhip go abroad to Day.

D. Pont. Any where to ſhun Ingratitude. [*Exit*

Enter Lucy.

Fen. Well, *Lucy*, I hope you will own that my Lord is liberal.

Lucy. A Pox of his Liberaly; I thought he had given me Gold and ſee, Madam, it is nothing more than a merry Traveller, a ſingle Stiver.

ver. ——But, Madam, has not the Count blasted your Hopes of being Countess *Del Ponto?*

Fen. Not at all. He will soon sue for Peace, which I promise you he shall purchase. If I did not hector him sometimes he would grow so insolent I could not bear him. —— He will be glad to give me a new Gown and a laced Head to come to a Reconciliation. Make some Coffee, and bring it into the Parlour. I will dress and make a Visit this Afternoon. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orainos *and* Millmonde.

Orain. Lovely Creature, your Charms are like a Garden stored with the choicest Flowers, where every Day Variety is found.

Mill. If I were not sensible, my Lord, of my numerous Imperfections, I should be vain enough to believe I had more Excellencies than all my Sex; but I must do your Lordship the Justice to say, you are so great a Master of your Pencil, you can make Deformity appear beautiful.

Orain. I am very much obliged to you, Madam, for having so good an Opinion of my Skill; but I look upon myself to be a very indifferent Limner: But he must be a Bungler in the Art, who cannot draw a tolerable Picture from so fair an Original.

The Chevalier Millmonde *and Constables break open the Door, and enter.*

Mill. Death and Confusion! my Husband! ——Save me, my Lord, and protect me from his Fury. [Orainos *draws his Sword.*

Orain. What means this sudden Outrage? [*To the Constables.*] Who are you, that dare break in upon my Privacy?

1st Conſt. I command the Peace.

[Orianos *puts up his Sword.*

2d Conſt. We come by virtue of a Warrant to aid this Gentleman in the Recovery of his Wife.

Chev. Baſe, ungenerous Woman! Did I not warn you to refrain from this Nobleman's Company, whoſe Tongue would delude a veſtal Virgin?

Orain: Chevalier, I am ready to give you ſuch Satisfaction as a Man of Honour and Spirit can demand.

Chev. My Lord, we will talk of that Affair hereafter; but at preſent I ſhall take ſuch Meaſures as the Law directs, and proceed againſt you in due Form.

Mill. For Heaven's ſake, my Lord, make this Matter eaſy if you can. [*She pretends to weep.*

Orain. Hark you, *Chevalier Millmonde*, your Wife's Virtue is hitherto unſullied; but if you bring this Affair into Court, and ſhe ſhould be proved guilty, which I very much queſtion, yet conſider you will be obliged to return her Fortune, or allow her a ſeparate Maintenance. Reflect likewiſe how much ſuch Affairs redound to the Diſhonour of the innocent Husband, as well as erring Wife. Will you hearken to an Accommodation?

Chev. Name it.

Orain. If you will receive your Wife into Favour, then, as an Acknowledgment of the Injury I intended, I will make you a Conſideration ſuperiour to what you can expect from the Deciſion of the Law; and promiſing never to ſpeak to Madam *Millmonde* for the future: Here is a Bill for four thouſand Crowns.

Chev. Upon theſe Terms, I accept it. —— For the ſame Price you make free with my Wife, whenever you pleaſe. [*Exeunt laughing.*

Orain.

Oran. Ha! by Heavens this is a Plot, laid to trick me out of my Money.

Thus on his Prey the hungry Wolf does ſeize,
His Paunch he fills, and then lies down in Eaſe.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

SCENE *a Room,* Vanetta *walking about.*

Van. How impatient is Love, when the appointed Hours draws nigh! O *Learchus*, didſt thou know what Uneaſineſs thy Abſence gives me, thou wouldſt fly to my Arms as ſwift as Thought?—— I am on a Rack, and the dear charming Youth alone can mitigate my Pain; for him I would ſacrifice my Parents, Friends, Relations; for him I would ſuffer the ſevereſt Death that Tyrants e'er invented.

Enter Fidelia.

Fid. Madam, the Lady *Miranda*, the Counteſs *Del Ponto* is come to viſit you.

Van. I did not know ſhe had been in Town:—— I hope ſome Method has been found to move the Count to a Reconciliation. [*Aſide*] Give my Service to her Ladyſhip, and ſay I will wait on her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

SCENE, *A Drawing Room.*

Enter Fentonia.

So far have I ſucceeded.—O, here comes the Fair Concubine. *Enter*

Enter Vanetta.

Fent. Madam, having been inform'd that you are come to live in our Neighbourhood, good Manners obliges me to pay you a Visit.

Van. Who are you? I know you not.

Fent. I took upon me the Title of Countess *Del Ponto*, that I might easily gain your Admittance; but my Name is *Fentonia*.

Van. Shield me good Heavens! — a notorious Strumpet. [*Aside.*

Fent. Truly, Madam, as you are *one of Us*, you ought to be more humble, and not carry your Head so high.

Van. I desire no Conversation or Acquaintance with such a Creature; therefore go out of the House, or you will oblige me to use you very roughly.

Fent. I will put you to the Tryal.

Van. Who waits there? [*Enter* Fidelia *and Servants*] take this rude Creature away, and deliver her into the Hands of a Constable. —— *Fidelia*, do you attend them to a Justice, and let her be prosecuted for personating the Countess *D. Ponto*:

Bet. Mr. *Fairstitch*, your Shoe-maker is in the House, we will charge him with her.

Fen. Poor vain, empty Creature, I despise your Threats, and value not what you can do. I am above your Malice.

Van. But not out of the Reach of Justice.

[*They take her out.*

Enter Eidelia.

Fid. Madam, *Learchus* is in the Drawing-Room:

Van. Open the Door and let him into this.

[*Exit* Fidelia.

Enter

Enter Learchus.

Lear. You ſeem, my Dear Charmer, to be in Confuſion. What is the Occaſion of this Uproar?

Van. I will acquaint you with it when I have recover'd my Spirits.

Lear. Be not dejected, nor let any thing ruffle your Temper, or diſcompoſe your Mind.

A Lover's Balſam is a certain Cure;
It works with Safety, and tho' quick, 'tis ſure.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Room in* Del Ponto's *Houſe.*

Enter Del Ponto *in a melancholy Poſture.*

THIS laſt Attempt upon *Miranda*'s ſpotleſs Innocence is not to be parallel'd in Hiſtory: To feign a Reconciliation, and betray her with a Kiſs, was *Judas*-Action; but what makes it ſtill more execrable, I promiſed to bed with her laſt Night; and when the lovely Angel came, in Expectation of approaching Bliſs, ſhe fortunately diſcovered another Perſon had ſupplied my Place. —— The Thoughts of this helliſh Machination galls my Soul. —— Who attends without? [*Enter* Betty.

Bet. Did your Lordſhip call?

D. Pont. Tell your Lady, I deſire to ſpeak with her this Minute.

Bet. Yes, my Lord. —— Heaven grant that he may not murder my Lady; my Heart goes Pit-a-Pat, and I tremble at the Thoughts of what may enſue. (*Aſide.*) [*Exit.*

D. Pont. How ſhall I be able to look her in the Face, whom I have treated in the moſt ignominous Manner: Was it not ſufficient to confine her to a lonely Country-Houſe, far diſtant from her Friends and Relations without an Equipage, or even the common Neceſſaries ſuitable for a private Gentlewoman? This ſure would have ſatisfied any Man, but *Del Ponto*; the Savage, the unnatural *Del Ponto*, who at the Inſtigatation of *Lucifer*

ser, plotted to blacken the chaſt *Miranda*'s Reputation, and caſt an indelible Stain upon her Virtue. —— By Heaven, I am almoſt diſtracted. —— Curſe on that Strumpet *Fentona*, ſhe was the Cauſe of all my vile Proceedings.

Enter Betty.

Bet. My Lady waits upon your Lordſhip.

D. Pont. 'Tis Well; leave us together.

Enter Miranda.

Bet. I am reſolved to watch them, and if he offers any Violence to his Lady, I will cry out der. (*Aſide.*) [*She liſtens and peeps at the Door.*

Mir. I am come, my Lord, in Obedience to know your Pleaſure.

Del. Pont. My Thoughts are ſo confuſed, I know not what to ſay, or how to lift up my Eyes! [*He pauſes.*

—— *Miranda*, can you forgive the moſt accurſed Reprobate that now draws Breath?

Mir. Pray, My Lord, who is the Perſon that can be ſo miſerably unhappy?

D. Pont. Behold him here before you; behold *del Ponto*, the Wretch *del Ponto*; who, not contented with his ill-treatment of you, contrived laſt Night to ſacrifice what is more valuable to you than Life.

Mir. I had a fearful Dream, I own, which ſtruck my Soul with Terror; but ——

D. Pont. No more! I wiſh it had been a Dream. —— Say, can you for give a Penitent? one, who from the Bottom of his Heart repents, and would be a Bond-ſlave to recal what's paſt.

Mir. My Lord, my Principles oblige me to forgive my moſt inveterate Enemy; but when Duty is joined with Principle, I ſhould be a very Brute, if I did not pay Obedience to my Husband, and grant whatever he requeſts.

D. Pont. Then ſeal my Pardon, thou charming Excellence, whilſt in my Arms I hold thee, and lay my panting Heart to thine,

[*While they embrace,* Betty *peeps in.*

Bet. I find there is little Danger of Murder; but o'my Soul, if he were my Husband, I would make him ask my Pardon in another Poſture: Though it is very probable he will be brought upon his Marrow-Bones this Night.

[*She withdraws.*

D. Pont. As long as Fate ſhall ſpare my Life, I will annually celebrate this happy Day.

Mir. Henceforward be buried in Oblivion what has happened.

D. Pont. O joyful Sound!—But now, my Dear, I muſt leave you for an Hour, for my Honour is at Stake.

Mir. Muſt we then part ſo ſoon? May I not know where you go?

D. Pont. 'Tis an Affair of Conſequence, not proper for a Woman's Ear.

Enter Orainos.

Orain. My Lord, I am commanded to confine you to your Houſe, and ſee that Centinels be placed at your Door, except you give your Parole of Honour, not to meet Lord *Whiſter* this Morning.

D. Pont. It is my Duty, my Lord, to obey the Commands of my Superior; but give me leave to ſay, I hope the ſame Injunction is laid upon that young ratling Lord.

Orain.

Orain. Honour obliged me to ſignify firſt to your Lordſhip, the Orders I received, and I ſhall communicate the ſame to Lord *Whiſter* immediately.

Mir. Lord *Orainos*, I thank you for letting me into a Secret, which the Count would not let me know. This Morning, which began with a Comedy, might have had a tragical Cataſtrophe, and the blooming Fruit of my Husband's Reconciliation been blaſted.

Orain. I wiſh your Ladyſhip and the Count much joy. This will be welcome News to every one who has the Happineſs of your Acquaintance. ——— You will forgive, I hope, my abrupt Departure, ſince you know the Reaſon.

D. Pont. Give me leave to wait upon your Lordſhip. [*He goes to the Door. Exit* Orainos.

Enter Betty.

Bet. My Lord, a Woman, has brought this Letter, and waits your Anſwer. [*He looks on it.*

D. Pont. I know the Hand to well; here deliver it to her, and ſay I will not read it.

Mir. Let me prevail upon you to open it, the Perſon that ſent it perhaps may want your Aſſiſtance to relieve her out of ſome unhappy Circumſtance.

D. Pont. You intercede for one, who is the greateſt Enemy you have, and the Cauſe of the ill Uſage you receiv'd —— Let the Woman come in. [*Exit* Betty. Del Ponto *reads the Letter.*

Re-enter Betty *with* Lucy.

D. Pont. At this Lady's Interceſſion, *Lucy*, I have read *Fentonia's* Letter; but tell her I cannot ſerve her.

Mir. Fentonia! a wicked Woman; (*Aſide*) ——— My Lord let me prevail with you to comply with

what she desires; I believe it will be the last Request she ever will make.

D. Pont. I would do any thing, my Dear, to oblige you; but what you desire is out of my Power. *Fentonia* is committed to the House of Correction for three Weeks, she is to receive the Discipline of the Coko's nine Tails, and to be kept to hard Labour.

Mir. Poor Creature into what Labrinth of Trouble hath she brought herself.

D. Pont. What has she done to occasion her Commitment?

Lu. It was the Effect of *Gin*, my Lord, she drank a Cogue too much, and taking upon her this Lady's Name, she went to pay a Visit to *Vanetta*, whom she abused in a very gross Manner.

D Pont: Audacious Strumpet! she does deserve a double Punishment —— Let her know no Man can release her till the Time of her Commitment is expir'd.

SCENE III.

SCENE *A Room in Lord* Whifler's *Appartment.*

Lord Whifler *alone.*

Whif. A Pox on this empty Word call'd Honour, a Man must run the Hazard of his Life upon every frivilous Account to vindicate it. ——If my *Second* does not part us in Time, little *Whifler* may be forced to measure his Length on the Ground. ——The Lady-hand is fitter for a Needle than for a Sword, and I have a stronger Inclination to it —— than to fight. ——If I should be killed the *Muses* will lose their darling Son, and the Ladies break their Hearts.

Enter

Enter Oranios.

Orain. In a good Hour am I come, is your Lordſhip going abroad!

Whif. A little Way ——— to take a Breathing this Morning.

Orain. Your Lordſhip muſt not ſtir, I have received Orders to ſtop you, as I have the Count *Del Ponto.*

Whif. 'Egad I am glad to hear it; my Heart is now at reſt, and I ſhall ſleep in a whole Skin. [*Aſide.*

Orain. Will your Lordſhip promiſe not to meet the Count, as you appointed, otherwiſe I muſt place a Guard upon you.

Whif. Though I have not been bred a Soldier, yet I know how to obey; ——— eſpecially when it ſquares with my Deſire. [*Aſide.*

Orain. Upon this Condition you have your Liberty. [*Exit.*

Whif. This is one of the luckieſt Accidents that could befal me:

I ſave my Honour, Credit, and my Life,
And put a Stop to this unhappy Strife. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

SCENE *a Room in* Egerius's *Houſe.*

Sar. At laſt the Work's effected, and Art has happily accompliſhed what Nature intended ſhould be never removed.

Eger. Speedy, ſafe, and eaſy was the Operation.

Mam. Though *Gloriſſa* imagined that it would be attended with much Pain and Difficulty, yet ſhe reſolved to bear it with heroic Courage.

Cla.

Cla. I hope there is no room left for Reproach if my unhappy Caſe did reach the Ears of any malicious Perſon.

Eger. Reflections, on ſuch an Occaſion, would be a manifeſt Proof of an ungenerous Soul; but I am apt to think none will be caſt.

Sar. The inferior Sort dare not; and the Quality will refrain from Cenſure for their own Sakes, leſt their Failures of an enormous Kind ſhould be expoſed.

Mam. My Lord *Egerius*, you muſt draw your Purſe-Strings to obviate any Objections that *Ruſſelius* may make in Relation to this Affair.

Eger. I do not know what your Ladyſhip would be at; you know I have already given her a Portion much larger than I could well ſpare.

Mam. Don't tell me, my Lord, of your ſparing, there is an abſolute Neceſſity for it at Preſent, and I demand twenty thouſand Crowns.

Eger. Well, well, if you inſiſt upon it, you muſt have it

Mam. I muſt and will have it.

Eger. Why then, to purchaſe Peace, here is a a Bill for that Sum.

Sar. Remember your Cue; the Operation was performed by a Woman.

Enter Ruſſelius, *who addreſſes himſelf to* Saralla.

Ruſ. Madam, in Obedience to your Summons, I come to know your Ladyſhip's Commands.

Sar. My Lord, I preſent my Grand-Child to you, who, though ſhe has been your Wife, and ſtill a Maid, is now capable of ——

Ruſ. Then, Madam, let the Fault be placed to my Account, if I do not make her a Woman.

[*He embraces* Clariſſa.

Sar. To encourage your Lordſhip, I make you a Preſent of this Bill for forty thouſand *Roman* Crowns; and will give the twin-Siſter upon the Birth of the firſt Child.

Mam. Accept, my Lord, her Father's Offering of twenty thouſand, [*She gives him another Bill.*

Ruſ. Theſe indeed would intice a Man to Love, even though Averſion ſtood in the Way: But when Affection and Inclination prompt me, no Obſtacle can ſtand in Competition. —— Let this Day be a Jubilee, our Friends invited to Dinner, and nothing but Mirth and Harmony be ſeen.

Eger. Be it ſo; and this ſecond bridal Night, with your Lordſhip's Leave, ſhall be kept at my Houſe, and at my Expence.

Ruſ. As your Lordſhip pleaſes, if my dear *Clariſſa* does conſent.

Cla. I readily agree. —

Ruſ. And I give Aſſent. [*He embraces* Clariſſa.

Thus to my Breaſt, devoid of Guile or Art,
With Exſtacy I clip my better Part. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

SCENE *a Garden belonging to the Houſe of Correction.*

Fentonia *walking on a Gravel-Walk.*

Fen. Into what an Abyſs of Shame and Infamy have I fooliſhly plunged my ſelf! How eaſy is it to get into Trouble, but how difficult to get out! To be whipt before a Crew of Street-walking Strumpets, and to be made their Sport, is what the moſt *Plebeian* Spirit cannon bear, who has the leaſt Senſe or Notion of the World. — Here comes *Lucy*; now I ſhall know my Fate.

Enter

Enter Lucy.

Lu. Madam, I am ſorry to tell you, that I am the Harbinger of bad News; I delivered your Letter to Count *Del Ponto*, who ſays, it is not in the Power of any Man, to ſet you free before the Time mentioned in the Commitment is expired. You had a powerful Advocate who pleaded for you, but the Law was poſitive againſt you.

Fen. To whom am I indebted for ſuch Goodneſs?

Lu. The Lady *Miranda*, to whom the Count *Del Donto* is reconciled.

Fen. Lightning blaſt thy Tongue, thou croaking Raven, Meſſenger of Death-bearing News to me.

Lu. Can I help it? Is not this an ungrateful Return for my Fidelity to you? Pay me my Wages, and I will quit your Service.

Fen. Prithee, *Lucy*, regard not what I ſpoke in my Paſſion. — Take theſe Keys, lock up all my Plate, ſecure my Jewels and my Money.

Lu. I am not very willing to undertake the Charge; for if any thing be miſſed, you may ſay that I took it.

Fen. Pho! be not concerned about that, I know I can truſt you. [*Gives her the Keys.*

Lu. Now I have an Opportunity of making Proviſion for myſelf; and if I fail to put it in Uſe, may I be reduced to beg my Bread. [*Aſide.*

Fen. bring back the Keys as ſoon as poſſible; and here is Money to pay your Coach-hire.

Lu. I thank you, Madam, I will return within the Space of two Hours. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

SCENE *a Park.*

Enter Wilhelmina, Devaria, *and* Cartaria *walking.*

Car. How pleaſant is the Spring! which ſickly look'd, and wore a Ruſſit Gown, as if parched up by the Sun's ſcorching Beams, now verdant does appear.

Wilhel. Thy innate Senſe, and ſound Judgment are a manifeſt Indication of the Parent, who begot you.

Dev. Wit, good Senſe, and ſound Judgment, are natural to *Cataria.*

Car. Ladies, I may with Juſtice ſay the ſame of you; but I am willing to wear the Fool's Cap, ſince it contributes to divert you.—I requeſt we may talk upon another Subject.

Wilhel. I hope you are not angry, my Dear.

Dev. I dare anſwer for her that ſhe is not; for Truth cannot give Offence, when it is well-timed. — but let us comply with *Cataria's* Requeſt, —— How kind did the *fallen Angel*, the beautiful *Vanetta* receive and entertain Us? —— But ſee who approach to meet us; let us join to mortify them.

Wilhel. Agreed.

Enter Mordaria *and* Medoſa.

Car. Ladies, your humble Servants; I rejoyce ſee it.

Mor. You mean I ſuppoſe in our Coffins.

Dev. Truly, Madam, we are not fond of ſuch ghaſtly Lights, there are living Spectres frightful enough.——

Med. Not to make you miſcarry, I hope.

Dev. If we had deſerved to be in ſuch a Condition as much as two Ladies of our Acquaintance have done, their might be ſome Colour for your invidious Reflections; but you are very ſenſible that barren Ground produces no Crop.

Car. Ladies, give me Leave to interpoſe; have you heard the News, *Mordaria?*

Mor. What News.

Car. Count *Del Ponto* is reconciled to *Miranda.*

Dev. The Lord *Ruſſelus* is to have a ſecond Bridal Night.

Wilbel. And the famous Courtezan *Fentonia*, is committed to the Houſe of Correction.

Car. For taking upon her to perſonate *Miranda*, and by that Means giving Attendance to *Vanetta*, (the beautiful *Vanetta*) whom ſhe affronted in the moſt groſs Manner.

Med. I think there ought to be no Diſtinction of Perſons; the Law inflicts the ſame Puniſhment upon a Lady of Quality as on a common Beggar.

Mor. Juſtice ought to be impartially adminiſtred.

Car. I concur with you in that Point, Ladies; but if every body's Crimes were written in their Foreheads, ſome Perſons who ſet a Value upon their bright Characters, would ſoon feel the Laſh the Law.

Mor. I know not againſt whom you level your Artillery; but when you prove us guilty of *Vanetta's* Crime, then cenſure our Conduct.

[*Exeunt* Mordaria *and* Medoſa

SCENE VI.

SCENE *a Parlour.*

Ruſſelius, Del Ponto, Egerius, Orainos, Sarella, Miranda, Mamilla, *and* Clariſſa.

Ruſ. As I look upon this to be my ſecond nuptial Day; I have invited my Friends, and bid you a hearty Welcome.

Orain.

Orain. My Lord, we wiſh you and the fair *Clariſſa* all the Pleaſure and Happineſs that this World can give you.

Enter Lord Whifler.

Whif. Ladies, I am your humble Servant —· My Lords, I am yours. ——— Hearing that you have made an Entertainment, and the Occaſion of it, I come, though an unbidden Gueſt, to divert you with an Offering from the Muſes; an Interlude called, *The* MARRIAGE PROMISE; *or, the* DISAPPOINTED VIRGIN.

Clar. We are very much obliged to your Lordſhip for the Favour; you have an excellent Talent in writing Songs and Plays. ———

Orain. Which would ſurfeit any Man of a common Genius, except the Paſtry-Cooks and Chandlers, to whom they are beneficial. [*Aſide.*

Whif. Be pleaſed to ſeat your ſelves, and the Actors ſhall begin. [*They ſit down.*

The INTERLUDE.

SCENE I.

Enter Materna *and* Holtaria.

Mater. Diſpel thoſe Clouds, my Child, which over-ſpread your Face, and baniſh from your Thoughts the perjured Man, who, by his flattering Tongue, deluded you to Love, and then moſt treacherouſly forſook you.

SONG

SONG I. Take a young Virgin of fifteen Years.

Love is a Warfare, and has its Campaigns;
All Lovers are Soldiers, and Cupid, *who reigns*
With Power ſupreme, will examine your Caſe,
And ſentence the Caitiff with Shame and Diſgrace.
Juſtice is certain, altho' it be ſlow,
No longer Vow-breakers unpuniſh'd ſhall go;
A Chain
Shall give Pain;
Allurers,
Perjurers,
And Rebels to Love feel her Vengence with Woe.

Hol. O Mother, my Heart is ready to Burſt; and though I now think upon *Perfidius* with as much Deteſtation, as I formerly entertained him with Love, yet I cannot bear to be uſed as if I had been a caſt-off Miſtreſs.

SONG II. 'Twas when the Seas was roaring.

O what have I been doing,
A fond believing Maid!
I now am brought to ruin,
By perjur'd Man betray'd.
Alaſs! too ſoon conſenting
Has wrought my overthrow,
Too late is now repenting,
Unpitied I muſt go.

Mat.

Mat. Ceaſe lamenting, *Holtaria*, and conſider that it is better to loſe a falſe Lover than to find him; nothing ſhall be wanting in me to obtain all the Satisfaction that the Law can give you, and will diſcharge my Duty with Pleaſure.

SONG III. Vain *Bellinda, &c.*

Nature pleads ſtrong within my Breaſt,
Holtaria *ſoon ſhall be redreſs'd;*
No Pains for you, no Coſt I'll ſpare,
To carry on your Cauſe, my Dear. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Jacomo *and* Maria.

Ja. Come, Come, *Maria*, declare your Mind freely, and let a Man know what he has to truſt too.

Ma. Lud! Lud! How haſty you are, *Jacomo*? methinks there is more Pleaſure in Wooing, then there is in *Matrimony*.

Ja. You may be a Judge of the one, but not of the other.

SONG IV. The Laſs of *Patie's* Mill.

When Lovers do agree,
Then Love is ſure a Feaſt;
What Pleaſure can it be
To ſee and never taſte:
Then let the Prieſt ſay Grace,
And ſo Love's Banquet try;
The Bed is ſure the Place,
The Gueſts are you and I.

Ma.

Ma. There are two Words to a Bargain, *Jacomo*, and though I may think of Matrimony, yet I will not conſent to be wedded untill the Tryal be over, and if you perform your Promiſe in declaring the Truth, I then will comply with your Requeſt.

Ja. I will perform it, though I know beforehand I ſhall loſe my Place.

SONG V. *Beſſy Bell.*

Sure injured Virtue may demand
From Juſtice Reparation;
And he that lends a helping Hand,
Can't loſe his Reputation.
But he, that does the Truth conceal,
Is guilty of the Crime, Sir;
Be free, and what you know reveal,
For this is now the Time, Sir.

Let's haſten to the Court, for if we ſhould be too late, my Miſtreſs will loſe the Cauſe.

SCENE III.

Enter Materna, Holtaria, *and* Perfidius.

Per. Madam, I am heartily ſorry for the Injury I have done *Holtaria*, and as the Cauſe is now on Tryal, I come to offer Terms of Accommodation, before the Jury bring in a Verdict. Will you accept of eight thouſand Crowns for your Satisfaction?

Ma.

Ma. I am determined to wait the Iſſue, and ſhall be content with what the Law decrees.

SONG VI. Let Ambition fire the Mind.

He that does a Rebel prove,
To the little God of Love,
Soon will find his conſcious Heart,
Tortur'd with a killing Smart.

Perf. Can you be inexorable, fair Maid?

Hol. Can you have the Aſſurance to ask any Favour from me, ungenerous Man! I ſhall do nothing without my Mother's Approbation.

Per. Then I plainly ſee my Fate.

SONG VII. The *Iriſh* Howl.

The Day I rue, when firſt I laid
My Eyes on thee, thou charming Maid;
Thy angry Looks and juſt Diſdain
Have fill'd my Mind with Rage and Pain.
Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah, oh, oh, &c.

Enter Jacamo *and* Maria.

Jac. Madam, I wiſh you Joy: The Jury have brought in a Verdid for Madam *Holtaria*, and given three thouſand Pounds Damage.

Mat. I thank you for your good News; here are twenty Guineas to reward your Fidelity.

Hol. And here are as many more to reward *Maria.*

Jac.

Jac. But Ladies, we have a Requeſt to make.

Mat. Name it.

Jac. That you will pleaſe to conſent to our being made *one Fleſh.*

Mat } With all our Hearts.
Hol. }

Ma. Then *Jacomo* and I ſhall be happy.

SONG VIII. *Wincheſter* Wedding

Jac. *Happy are Lovers when wedded,*
At firſt they ne'er complain;
And happier ſure when bedded
And pleaſing to both is the Pain.

Ma. *Hereafter tho' Joys may ariſe,*
The Sight of the glitt'ring Gold
With Tranſport doth cheriſh her Eyes,
We think on To have and to Hold?

Mat. My dear Child, this Addition of Three Thouſand Pounds will ſoon get another Lover for you, who will make you a happy Woman.

Hol. Truly, Madam, I ſhall expoſe my ſelf to the Slights of any for the future; and therefore I hope I ſhall be excus'd if I perſiſt in my Reſolution, never to entertain any Man in the Way of Courtſhip.

Mat. Let me adviſe you not to be too raſh in making any Proteſtations.

Holt. Mine are the Reſult of Nature and deliberate Thoughts, and I would as ſoon put my Mony in the Hands of ſome of the

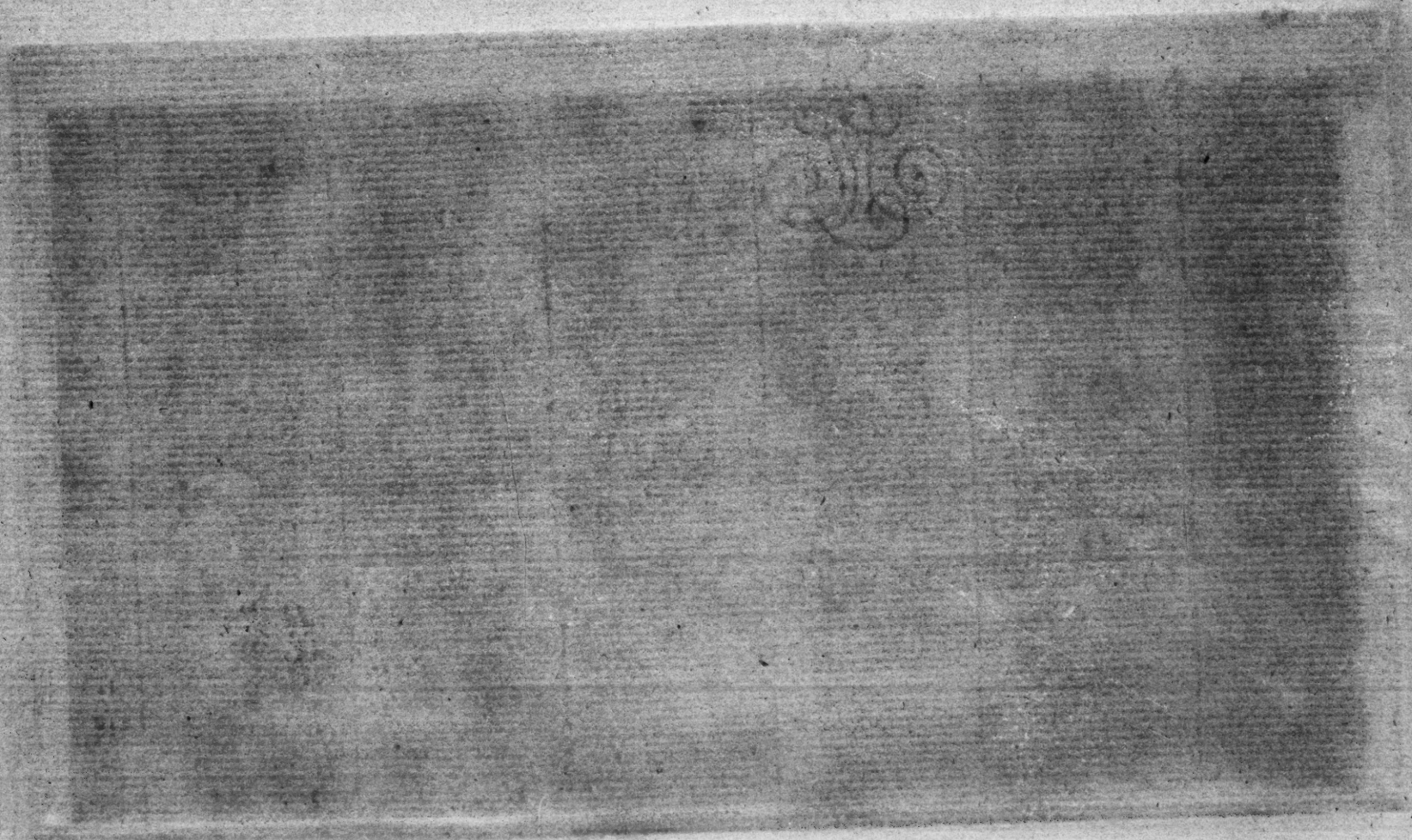
the Directors that belonged to the *Charitable Corporation*, as into the Power of any Suitor.

SONG IX. A Soldier and a Sailor.

The Men will oft importune,
A Lass that has a Fortune,
But he that does deceive her,
And for another leave her,
Does play a Villains Part;
I'll trust no more in wooing.
Or seek my own undoing.
But Letters now despising,
From am'rous Thoughts arising,
I will secure my Heart.

[*The Company rise and come forward.*]

Ruf. My Lord *Whisler* we are infinitely obliged to you for this Entertainment, and must insist upon your accompanying us this Day, [Whisler *bows by way of expressing his Consent.*

They, who are single, seldom fail to meet,
Some bitter Potion to allay the Sweet:
Not so in Wedlock, for a virtuous Wife
Sweetens the Bitters of a married Life.

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